

## **Last Night Your Shadow Fell Upon My Lonely Room by dustyirish**

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Drunken Confessions, Language, M/M, Underage Drinking

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler (briefly), Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington, past Steve/Nancy & past Jonathan/Nancy

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**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

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**Summary:**

Drunken confessions.

# **Last Night Your Shadow Fell Upon My Lonely Room**

## **Author's Note:**

I have no idea what this is - it just kinda blindsided me while I was working on something else entirely and I had to write it down in order to get back to regularly scheduled programming. I apparently have no say over what happens with my brain anymore.

I can also be found on Tumblr under [myspookysunshine](#) - where I'm taking requests or prompts or pretty much whatever.

*I had too much to dream last night  
(Too much to dream)  
I'm not ready to face the light  
I had too much to dream last night.*

~ *The Electric Prunes*

The Christmas party raged on behind him as Steve wandered through the unused rooms of the house, looking for Jonathan. He had meant to check on him far earlier in the evening, but had been pulled away to witness a keg stand, then for a game of Quarters. On his way out of that he had been tugged into a spontaneous dance with a random - but very insistent - blonde chick. Great tits, but the moves of a drug-addled water buffalo. Through it all, Jonathan hadn't been far from Steve's mind.

Byers wasn't comfortable at these kinds of things in the best of situations, and it had only been a few days since he and Nancy broke it off. They didn't seem pissed at each other, exactly, but something had gone down, and Steve had yet to figure out what.

He finally found his target slumped in an easy chair in a secluded corner of the den, three-quarters-empty bottle of Jack snugged into the fork of his crotch. Steve's worry intensified. Jonathan didn't often drink anything and he never got to the falling-down-shitfaced stage. Never until tonight.

Steve walked up to him and put a hand on his shoulder. Jonathan raised his head and looked up, but it was a slow and arduous process.

"Oh. It's you," he slurred.

"Yeah, it's me." Steve knelt in front of the chair, one hand on Jonathan's thigh. "Just came to check on you."

"I'm amazing, Harrington," he said, trying to carefully enunciate the words and making a mess of it. "Absolutely motherfucking amazing."

Steve was beyond worried now. Jonathan rarely swore, and never like that. And there was a bitterness behind the words that did something bad to Steve's chest. Something was seriously wrong. He eased the bottle out from between Jonathan's legs and hid it under the nearby coffee table. "What's going on here, huh? Is this about Nancy?"

Jonathan looked at him for a moment from under his bangs, and then reached out and brushed a gentle thumb down the corner of Steve's mouth. Despite the circumstances, a little shiver went through Steve.

Jonathan's alcohol-blurred eyes bore into his. "Not Nancy."

His heart beating a little too fast, Steve cupped Jonathan's cheek with his palm. Jonathan nuzzled into the touch. This wasn't the way Steve usually handled his male friends. But Jonathan wasn't just anyone, not anymore. And he was blitzed, clearly upset, and seemed to need the contact. "Then what? Come on, buddy. Talk to me," Steve said softly.

Jonathan leaned forward, away from Steve's hand, to his ear. His lips dragged along the shell and he whispered "There's nothing left to talk about unless it's horizontally."

Steve went through a myriad of reactions, all within the span of five seconds. Shock, at Jonathan's uncharacteristic boldness; surprise at the implications of his words and the secrets they had just revealed; and yes, arousal, there was no denying it - warmth had rushed through Steve, almost like electric current, at the feel of his lips. The strongest of these emotions, however, was something very close to panic. For Jonathan Byers to quote that particular line, he had to be fucked up beyond all measure, and needed to be removed from the situation at once.

"Okay, that's it, c'mon!" Steve draped Jonathan's arms around his neck and pulled him to his feet.

He seemed willing enough to go along with Steve - he wasn't fighting him, but he also wasn't doing so hot with the whole walking thing. By the time they'd reached the main room, Steve was practically carrying him. He noticed Jonathan's face had gone pale and clammy and moved a little faster for the nearest exit.

Nancy spotted them and started over. "Steve? Is something wrong with Jonathan?"

Steve answered her - a bit snappishly - over his shoulder as he quickly dragged Jonathan out into the night air. "He just tried to seduce me with Olivia Newton John lyrics. You tell me, Nance!"